

The Tragedie

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deede.

Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.

La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode :
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the executioner ?

La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweete bosome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beauty from their cheekes.

Glo. These eyes could neuer endure sweete beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:

As al the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Blacke night ouershad thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuenged on him that slew my Husband,

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband.
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

of Richard the Third

La. His better doth not brea h vpo

Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you

La. Name him *Glo.* Pl

La. Why what was hee ?

Glo. The selfe same name but one c

La. Where is hee ?

Glo. Heere. *Shee*

Why doest spit at me ?

La. Would it were mortall poyson

Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sw

La. Neuer hung poyson on a fou

Out of my sight thou doest infect my

Glo. thine eyes sweete Lady haue i

La. Would they were Basiliskes t

Glo. I would they were, that I mig

For now they kill me with a liuing de

Those eyes of thine, from mine haue d

Shamed their aspect with store of chil

I neuer sued to friends nor enemy,

My tongue could neuer learne sweete

But now thy beauty is proposde my

My proud heart sues, and prompts n

Teach not my lips such scorne, for th

For kissing Lady not for such conte

If thy reuengefull heart cannot for gi

Loe here I lend thee this sharpe poy

Which if you please to hide in this t

And let the soule forth that a dornet

I lay it naked to thy deadly stroake :

And humbly beg the death vpon my

Nay, doe not pause, twas I that kild

But twas thy beauty that prouoke

Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild

But twas thy heavenly face that set

Take vp the sword againe, or take v

La. Arise dissembler, though I wi

I will not be the executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, a

La. I haue alreadie.

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